



And fain I would her lovely colours
wear;
So that it might be pleasing to
her mind! But nought will please
her over-cruel eye,
But black and pale, on body, and in
face;
Then She triumphs in beauty's
tyranny,
When she sees Beauty, Beauty can
disgrace ! When her sweet smiling
eyes dry VESTA'S throne !
Can blubbered blear-eyes, drown in
seas of tears !
And laughs to hear poor lovers, how
they moan !
Joys in the paper, which her praises
bears ! And, for his sake than sent,
that schedule tears!
What but pale Envy doth her heart
assail ?
When She would be still fair, and
laugh alone;
And, for her sake, all others mourn
and pale !

ELEGY XVI L



DEAR Mistress ! than my soul, to me
much dearer? Wonder not that another
writes my letter; For Sorrow, still, mine
heart oppresseth nearer. And extreme
sickness doth my sinews fetter. Of my dear
life, to thy love am I debtor! Thine is my
soul! Than soul, what can be meerer ?
Thine, my chief best! Than that, what
can be better? Absented far and (that which
is far worse) Unable either for to go or
ride ; Here am I, in perpetual bondage tied!